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HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations
Each city with evil is rife.

This world is a stage of excitement—
There's danger wherever you go—
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The siren's sweet song may allure you,
Beware of her cunning and art
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded, and haste to depart

The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show;
You may be invited to enter—
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The bright ruby wine may be offered;
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.

The gambling hells are open before you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust that a Heaven Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.

Temptation will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have the courage, my boy to say no.

THE DEACON'S VOW.

The sword of a terrible suspense was quivering over the household of Deacon Cameron and his wife. In the small white-curtained chamber over the sitting-room their only daughter, Agnes, lay between life and death. The doctor gave them little reason to hope that the feeble spark which was flickering, and nearly ready to expire, could be again rekindled. For days and weeks all that love and skill and tender nursing could do had been done, to win back health to the fever-stricken girl; but so far it seemed in vain. Her mother and brothers were tireless in their watching and devotion, and an arrest, in the last few days, had been laid on everything except the most necessary work, while the waited, in that solemn hush which is less of hope than of despair, for what the next hour might bring to pass. House, fields, business, life were all overhung and clouded by the mystery which always hovers about the bedsides of the departing, even when the prospect is bright with trust in Him who says: "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold! I am alive forevermore."

Agnes was the Deacon's darling. Stern and grim to others, he had invariably been gentle and indulgent to her. In her babyhood it had been his delight to have her nestle against her father's broad breast and play with his long beard, or fall asleep in his arms. As a child, her seat at the table had been next to his, and her place in the pew by his side. As she grew into fair womanhood, she had become his companion and friend and almost his second self. Now that his eyes were beginning to fail and his ears to grow deaf—infirmities of advancing age which he resented, yet was compelled to acknowledge—it was Agnes who read to him, and talked to him, in her clear voice, never loud, but distinct and pure in its utterance, so that every syllable was like a silver coin for finish. The Deacon loved his daughter as he loved no one else in the world. Even her mother knew that her own was the second place in her husband's heart. Yet she was contented; for her's was a sweet and easily resigned nature, and, she, too, idolized her Agnes.

Did he love her best? He supposed so; and still there was a doubt of it in the minds of his friend. Deacon Cameron had another idol, and that was money. He hugged it closely and worshipped it slavishly. It cost him bitter pain to part with it, unless it were in some way which he knew would return it in kind and increased. Honest, just, defrauding none, he was scrimping and niggardly in expenditure for his family; nor could he bring himself to part with an acre of ground, nor the price of a portion of his crops, to aid the poor, to assist the church, or to further mission work. His children had been stinted in their education, deprived of opportunities and privileges for which they longed, and forced to live narrow, contracted lives under the old roof, where raged many a storm of passion that only God and mother knew any thing about.

It was a winter's morning, but soft and mild as spring, with blue skies, undimmed by a cloud, and gentle south winds stirring the leafless branches. The physician had told the father that there was little probabilty that Agnes could recover, and that the issue would ere long be decided. With pale face and haggard eyes, he left the house, and wandered on past his ample barns, through the great apple orchard and the vineyard, and over the wide meadows, that were his pride. The man's soul was desolate. He felt as though a hurricane had gone over him, sweeping him bare of what the good years had given. The cry of his heart was: "Lord, take the rest! Take all, but leave me Agnes!" For the first time in his experience his wealth was a matter of utter indifference to him. He walked on, looking strangely older than ever before, and the bowed head, shrunken stature, and tottering feet were curiously unlike the self-assertive, arrogant man, whose very gait was usually the unconscious expression of a will that would have its way, encounter what opposition it might.

There was a great spreading oak which stood on the edge of his land, shadowing equally his farm and that of his nearest neighbor, Harmon Murray. The Murrays were the opposites of the Camerons. Gay, light-hearted, spending money lavishly, sending the boys off to college and the girls to city schools, buying books, music and pictures, filling the house with guests at midsummer and in the holidays, Deacon Cameron could not help having private doubts as to the Christianity of the Murrays. Though Harmon Murray was a liberal subscriber to every good cause, and a regular attendant on the services of the church, he was, in the deacon's prejudiced eyes, a heathen man and a publican. It had been an aggravation of his grief that the gloom in his house was shared in his neighbor's. Especially had he chafed and struggled against the knowledge that one member of the family that was so antagonistic to his own cared for Agnes with a love deeper than that of kindred. The Deacon, though a strong man, was selfish. He would have looked with aversion on any man who might have desired to win the affection of his child; for he meant to keep her as his own particular treasure if he could. But that Edgar Murray should aspire to her hand, and that, even timidly and afar off, Agnes should venture to regard him as her future lord, had awakened in him a resistance as violent as it was stubborn. Till now he had been fiercely angry when three or four times a day the young man had presented himself to inquire for Agnes or to bring her fruit or flowers. He had been indignant at his wife, because she had accepted Mrs. Murray's help in caring for the sick one; nor could he forgive her ignoring his displeasure and sending to the Murrays for aid in this emergency.

But now he was in extremity. He staggered to a seat beneath the oak, the very seat where Edgar and Agnes had been accustomed to rest after their occasional saunterings together by the creek or along the embowered lanes, and his gray head went down upon his hands. His whole heart was concentrated in a vehement, worldless prayer, which was fain to beat against the Almighty's throne. No feeling of God's paternity entered his mind at that intense moment. No remembrance of Christ as the great High Priest, who pleads for the children of men with a brother's tender comprehension of their wants. No thought of the Holy Spirit, with its sacred influences, came to him, as, shaken, tempest-tossed, and almost heart-broken, he cried to God, the Strong One, who could hear him, if He would. The God of the Deacon's imagination was a despot, but a despot who could be gracious. An Orthodox Congregational deacon, believing in and accepting all the doctrines of his church as he understood them, he prayed, as a Saxon might have prayed to Thor, as a Roman to Jupiter or a Hindoo to Vishnu, that his child might be spared. Sinking to his knees, in the agony of his still unvoiced supplication, the cry of his soul broke forth into speech:

"Lord! give me back my Agnes, my darling, the one precious thing of my life! Let her not die, I beseech thee! Lord! listen. Thou hast ten thousand times ten thousand in thy Heaven. Why dost thou want my little ewe lamb? Oh, let her live! Let her live, and I will give thee whatsoever thou shalt require. My money, if thou askest it, to the uttermost farthing. My will—if it be counter to thine. I will surrender it wholly. Yea, Lord, let Agnes live, though she sit at the fireside of another and break bread in the house that I hate. Take not the sunshine out of the world, Lord, though it shine not on me. Hear my prayer, for thy dear Son's sake."

"Amen!" said a low voice, and, looking up, the Deacon saw that his prayer had had another than a divine listener. Edgar Murray walking homeward on the boundary-line had heard the flow of the Deacon's petition; and as he stood there, bare-headed, the Amen had welled up from his heart almost before he was aware of it.

"Can a man go nowhere to be alone?" exclaimed the Deacon. "Must he be followed and spied upon under his own trees and on his own ground?"

That instictive animosity was dominant in a moment, though the prayer had scarcely died upon his lips.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Edgar, humbly. "I did not mean to intrude; but I have just come from the house, and Hugh tells me there is a shade, at least, of hope. Agnes has fallen asleep. She may be better when she awakes."

The shade of hope was not an hallucination. Very slowly, very tremulously, almost imperceptibly, the young girl passed into the several stages of convalescence. So gradual was her improvement that it was measured by weeks. From day to day no change was apparent; but from week to week a slight progress was visible, and, after awhile, pale but beautiful, she resumed her place in the household and took up one by one her old tasks. Like a lily, like a wild rose, like a bit of mignonette, she brightened and sweetened the place where she dwelt. Hers the mission which no woman need despise to make people happy, to charm away their sullen moods, and to diffuse pleasantness wherever she appeared.

Only with her father it had lost her old magic. His smiles grew infrequent and his temper more capricious and uncertain than ever.

"I don't know what to think of Deacon Cameron," said the pastor, Mr. Denbigh, who for thirty years had labored in the Hillside church. He was talking confidentially with his wife. "He is becoming more cranky and crotchetty every day. I did hope that the illness of his child would have wrought a change; but, if so, it is a change for the worse. I am informed that he forbids young Murray to enter his door; and when I asked him to increase his subscription to our Domestic Board, he treated me as though I were begging for myself. Adversity hardens a man when it does not refine him.

"It may be," said the pastor's gentle wife, "that God is striving with the Deacon. There is good in him, I am sure. I think he is not at peace with God, or with himself just now. He knows he is in the wrong about Agnes, and he is, therefore, not comfortable. Perhaps, dear, we have not prayed for him as we ought."

The plain fact was that the Deacon was exceedingly uncomfortable in his mind. He had offered a genuine prayer and pledged an honest vow, fully meaning to keep his word, while in his heart had been a vague idea of propitiation, as he knelt beneath the oak. When Agnes had first begun to grow stronger, his resolution had been firm to fulfill his word; but as she had crept onward to health, it had loosened its hold upon him. Could a miracle have been performed, and the maiden have arisen from her couch, at one triumphant bound, from death to life, he would have been awed and overwhelmed and in haste to make good his word to the Almighty. The comparative slowness of her restoration had given time to his nature to assert itself, and he was really more ill-tempered, cross-grained and churlish than he had been before. Even to Agnes he was sometimes harsh; the more so that, under her soft exterior and winsome ways, the slender girl had an underlying subsoil of granite, not unlike his own character and far firmer than the fabric of which her gentle mother was made.

Agnes loved her father, but she loved her friend too. If Edgar were prohibited from visiting her at her own hearth, she was not ashamed to meet him openly under the sky; to walk with him to the choir rehearsals, and to go riding with his sister, while he held the reins and his swift horses, the admiration of the country, trotted smoothly up hill and down vale and over the hard, beautiful floor-like roads which swept around mountain sides, skirted limpid streams, and intersected the thriving villages which dotted that portion of the state. Had any other member of his family thus dared his displeasure, the Deacon would have met them with prohibition and threatening; but it was too late to begin this course with Agnes, whom he did not wish to drive into entire estrangement. So the year wore on, darkling and sorrowful in the Cameron household, though outwardly all things prospered and whatever the Deacon touched turned to gold.

His main trouble was with his Bible. Turn where he would, the verses familiar from his childhood mocked him. The word vow seemed to stare at him from every page. It was David who said: "Shall I offer to the Lord sacrifices of that which cost me nothing?" And David had always been his favorite character. But they all paid their vows.

Even Jephthah, whose rash and sweeping pledge to the Deity had involved the offering of his only daughter in a dark and mysterious doom, had not shrunk from the terrible exaction. Saul, in a moment of haste, had condemned a possible offender to death; and lo! it proved to be Jonathan who must meet the bolt of faith, and only the majestic protest of the united nation had availed to save him. The Bible was an armory which bristled with weapons turned constantly against the Deacon's conscience. And while he sat at the head of his table, silent, constrained, and gloomy, imposing an unwholsome and irritating repression on wife and children, a fiery battle was raging within him. He grew to dread Agnes' sweet, composed face, where the patience that could wait indefinitely, and hold its own to the last, was already stamped a Madonna-like dignity. Often, as he saw Edgar Murray in church, he felt that he was unreasonable in opposing his suit. There could be no valid objecton to a pure, steady, well-educated and honorable young man, who loved his daughter, and whose love she returned. The obstinate antagonism of his dislike had no foundation which could be sustained by arguments.

Days wore on. Months and seasons waned. The apple trees blossomed, ripened, and were shorn of their fruit. Successive harvests were reaped. And then the tide of good fortune turned, and the deacon had a new experence. He lost money. Apparently stable investments collapsed. His eldest son went to a distant state. A horse of which he was proud was carelessly tied, and lamed in consequence. A favorite Alderney sickened and died. The barn took fire and was consumed. None of the losses, so far, were crushing; but the aggregate bore heavily on the Deacon and made him very sad. As he sat in his arm-chair or followed the plow, he felt that the warfare of the Almighty had assumed a tangible form, and that His arrows were being aimed for his destruction.

One sorrowful day there came a greater loss. The hand of paralysis was laid upon the meek and ever-submissive wife, and she lay for hours in that death-in-life which is so horrible and so inscrutable. Now was the cup of calamity full and running over. Never a demonstrative nor a very loving husband, the Deacon had felt a true respect and a complacent proprietary affection for the woman who had given herself in the radiant bloom of her girlhood, when she had chosen him from many suitors. Always had she been a faithful wife, diligent frugal, and obedient to his wishes. When she passed softly away, amid the sobs of her children, he shed no tear; but God's lightning had, nevertheless, smitten his soul. When she lay, queenly, in silent state, in the house where she had been chief servant rather than mistress, he sat for hours in the room, living over long years, and suffering poignant remorse, which none knowing the man would have imagined possible. When he followed the hearse to the family lot where the Camerons had been buried for generations, he was bowed under an anguish as deep as it was unspeakable. Agnes slid her hand into his; but he scarcely felt the pressure, though he suffered her to lead him home like a little child, after the earth had been packed upon the coffin.

A few days crept on—interminably long in the abode of mourning—and one night the family were gathered for worship. The Deacon took the Bible, and slowly turned the leaves until he came to the sixty-sixth psalm. In a voice low and deep with emotion he read these words:

"For thou, O God, hast proved us. Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net. Thou laidest affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads. We went through fire and through water; but Thou broughtest us out unto a wealthy place. I will go unto Thy house with burnt offerings. I will pay Thee my vows, which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble."

The Deacon paused. "Children," he said, "I have had a controversy with the Lord. I have made vows, but I have not paid them. The Lord is too much for Alexander Cameron. I shall resist him no longer. I have been vain, conceited and stubborn; fond of my own way and careful of my own interest. But now I shall begin again, if I may, and seek, if haply he let me find him, my wife's God. Your mother was nearer to him than I. Hugh, ask the pastor to come hither to-morrow. I want to help him with my substance. Agnes, daughter, Edgar Murray may come as you list, and I will give him my child and my blessing. Let us pray."

As his way was, the Deacon, having begun, paid his vows to the uttermost. The evening of his life was sweet with thankfulness; and when the sturdy babes of Edgar and Agnes clambered on his knees and held fast to his hand, they thought in the wide world there was nobody so kind and good as grandfather.

Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.—[Plautus.

Good health is not half valued till sickness comes.

Sea-Cucumbers.

The sea-cucumbers, or as they are known in the scientific world, the *holothuria*, are extraordinary looking creatures, which vary in size from two or three inches in length, to more than a yard. They bear some resemblance to a cucumber, being a long worm-like cylinder open at one end. Their exterior is ruffled with little projections, which are usually armed with minute sharp hooks, by which the animal can hang on to foreign bodies for a few seconds.

Many of the species are able to produce from their external pores a most irritating fluid, which causes the hand that touches them to itch intolerably. But the creature possesses a most wonderful power: when from any cause it fears death, it can eject all its teeth, its stomach, its digestive apparatus, and reduce itself to a simple membraneous sac. Dr. Johnston kept one of these animals in an aquarium; for some reason or other he neglected to feed it, and when after some days he visited it, he found all its internal apparatus thrown out on the floor of the vessel, and the holothuria itself was a shrunken, dilapidated, and empty tube. Yet it was alive, and in three months had reproduced all its organs anew. Another singular property they possess is that of being able to divide themselves into two parts, each part becoming a separate creature. When this phenomenon is in progress, the middle of the animal begins to contract, and the extremities to enlarge. This goes on until the center is but a thread; at last it snaps, and forms two distict creatures, which in time furnish themselves with all the necessary organs. Our fishermen throw away the sea-cucumbers, which are sometimes brought up in their nets, and the South-sea Islanders cannot even look upon them without loathing. But this is not universally the case. The Chinese relish them greatly and "trepang," as they call the holothuria, forms a very prominent article in all the Chinese markets. The great trepang fishers are the Malays. The expertness with which they capture these creatures is marvelous. By long experience they can see a trepang at a depth of thirty yards. They then poise a harpoon made of a long bamboo, and seldom or never miss their aim. To prepare it the fish is boiled, then beaten flat with stones, and finally dried in the sun. It is said that a soup can be made with it, little if at all inferior to that made from the turtle.

Value of Oatmeal.

Oatmeal is a food of great strength and nutrition, having claims to be better known and more widely used than it is at the present. Of much service as a brain food, it contains enough phosphorus to keep a man doing an ordinary amount of brain-work in health and vigor. All medical authorities unite in the opinion that, eaten with milk, it is a perfect food, and, having all the requisites for the development of the system, it is a pre-eminently useful food for growing children and the young generally. Oatmeal requires much cooking to effectually burst its starch cells, but when it is well cooked it will thicken liquid much more than equal its weight in wheaten flour. The oats of this country are superior to those grown on the continent and the southern part of England, but certainly inferior to the Scotch, where considerable pains are taken to cultivate them, and it is needless to point out that the Scotch are an example of a strong and thoroughly robust nation, which result is justly set down as derived from a plentiful use of outmeal. Dr. Guthrie has asserted that his countrymen have the largest heads of any nation in the world—not even the English having such large heads—which he attributes to the universal use of oatmeal, as universal it is, being found alike on the tables of the rich and the tables of the poor—in the morning the porridge and in the evening the traditional cake. The two principal ways of cooking oatmeal are porridge and cake (bannock) which I will describe. First, then, we will commence with a recipe for porridge: To three pints of boiling water add a level teaspoonful of salt and a pint of coarse meal, stirring while it is being slowly poured in; continue stirring until the meal is diffused through the water—about eight or ten minutes. Cover it closely then, and place it where it will simmer for an hour; avoid stirring during the whole of that time. Serve hot, with as little messing as possible, accompanied with milk, maple-syrup or sugar and cream. To make oatmeal-cake, place in a bowl a quart of meal, add to it as much cold water as will form it into a soft, light dough, cover it with a cloth fifteen minutes to allow it to swell, then dust the paste-board with meal, turn out the dough and give it a vigorous kneading. Cover it with the cloth a few minutes and proceed at once to roll it out to an eighth of an inch in thickness; cut it in five pieces and partly cook them on a griddle, then finish them by toasting in front of the fire.

Seasoning Food.

Many people have the idea that a finely flavored dish must cost a great deal; that is a mistake. If you have untainted meat or sound vegetables, or even Indian meal to begin with, you can make it delicious with proper seasoning. One reason why French cooking is much nicer than any other is that it is seasoned with every variety of herbs and spices. These cost very little. If you buy a few cents' worth at a time you will soon have a very good assortment. The best kinds are sage, thyme, sweet majoram, tarragon, mint, sweet basil, parsley, day leaves, cloves, mace, celery seed and onions. If you wish to plant the seed of any of these first seven mentioned in little boxes on your window sill, or in any sunny spot in your yard, you can generally raise all you need. Gather and dry them as follows: Parsley and tarragon should be dried in June and July, just before flowering; mint in June and July; thyme, marjoram and savory in July, August and September; all herbs should be gathered in the sunshine, and dried by artificial heat. Their flavor is best preserved by keeping them in air tight tin cans, or in tightly corked glass bottles.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

Future of Our Country.

From the London Telegraph, May 19, 1880.

When, in 1876, the thirteen North American colonies put forth that Declaration of Independence which preluded the birth of a nation, the combined white population inhabiting them did not exceed 2,500,000 souls. Yet they had the courage to throw down the gage of battle to a Power with which, in Daniel Webster's words, "for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, was not to be compared; a Power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of martial airs of England." Fourteen years later came, in 1790, the first census of population taken in the United States, and it was found that within the borders of the young nation there were not quite 4,000,000 souls. At the expiration of ten years it appeared, upon taking the second census, that the population was a little more than 5,250,000, having increased between 1790 and 1800 at the rate of 35 per cent. In a short time the tenth census of what has become a mighty people will be taken, and we risk little in saying that, in Joseph Hume's phrase, "the tottle of the whole" will show a population of at least 50,000,000 especially if the emigrants who are now pouring into the United States in vast numbers are not omitted from the calculation. In other words, the population of the great Republic in 1880 will be their population in 1776 multiplied by twenty, and, were it likely that the same ratio of increase could be maintained for another century, the mind of man would sink before the effort of imagining what it is possible for the monster Republic to be in 1980. However boundless the resources of the North American continent may be, it can hardly be expected that the second centenary of the United States will be celebrated by a thousand million human beings, and yet such would be the result of multiplying 50,000,000 by twenty. Anyhow, it is certain that a century hence no such assemblage of men speaking the same language and amenable to the same general traditions of feeling, habit and education, will ever have gathered together upon earth as will then occupy the great Western Continent.

"Eating Crow."

This well known phrase, which is so often applied in political articles and speeches to those who are constrained to support a candidate whom they do not like, or have previously opposed, came into vogue through an anecdote published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* over a quarter of a century ago:

It was a story of a summer boarding-house keeper on the Hudson and of an indignant patron. Whenever the latter ventured to suggest that the spring chicken was rather tough, or that the roast beef must have been cut from the cow's hoofs, he was directly told that he was entirely "too pertickerler," and that the autocrat of the table and the house could eat anything, even a crow. This settled the matter for the time being, but the boarder convinced against his will was of the same opinion still, at all events, in regard to the quality of the edibles placed before him. So often was the remark, "I kin eat anything; I kin eat a crow," brought down on his devoted head that he finally resolved to try the old man. He went out gunning one day and succeeded in bagging a very fine, fat, old black crow. He went into the kitchen and by dint of soft words and filthy lucre, induced the cook to allow him to prepare that crow for the table. He boiled it nicely, and it wasn't such a bad looking dish after all. His heart misgave him; the flinty old cuss would eat it after all. The cook was a Scotch woman and used snuff. He borrowed all she had and sprinkled it liberally over the crow, gave her another simmer, and then taking it on a salver brought it before his host, saying as he sat it down, "Now, my dear sir, you hrve said a thousand times, if you have said it once, that you can eat crow. Here is one very carefully cooked." It is said that the old man turned pale for a moment, but braced himself against the back of his chair, and with "I kin eat crow," he began, cutting a good mouthful. He swallowed it, and then preparing for a second onslaught, he looked his boarder straight in the eye, while he ejaculated, "I've eaten crow," and took his second portion. He lifted his hands mechanically, as if for a third onslaught, but dropped them quickly over the region of the stomach, and, rising hurriedly and unsteadily, retreated for the door, muttering as he went, "but dang me if I hanker arter it."

PAPER PULP FROM PINE LEAVES.—This invention relates to a method of treating pine leaves for the purpose of converting them into a pulp for the manufacture of a strong and superior paper by exposing the pine leaves to the action of steam under pressure. The pine leaves are put into a steam-tight vessel, which, at its lower part communicates with a steam-supply pipe, and at its upper part with a worm, similar to a still. Access to the worm is shut off, and steam admitted into the closed vessel, so as to expose the fibres to the effect of the steam under pressure, and also to its moisture and heat. The steam serves, by its heat and pressure, to soften the fibres, and to expel all resinous, oily, spiritous, and other matter from their pores, and to vaporize such matter, but leaves the fibres intact. When the fibres are properly softened and liberated from their original contents, the passage to the worm is opened, so that the vaporized substances may escape for purposes of distillation. The fibres are now removed from the vessel or tank, and worked into pulp in the manner in which vegetable fibres are usually worked into pulp for making paper, papier-mache, or the like. The pulp may be bleached by means of suitable chemicals.

"But I pass," said a minister recently in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.

Popular Science Notes.

It is stated that the soft bluestone rock which underlies a wide part of the prairie region of Texas, is fully six hundred feet thick in many places.

Ernest Renan, writing from the region of the Nile, claims to have discovered a little model of a sewing machine, supposed to have been made over six thousand years ago, by an Egyptian, named Zynger.

In many parts of southern Europe a flour is made from chestnuts, which is said not only to be cheaper, but fully equal to wheat flour in the making of breads. A writer from that country states that in some places wheat flour and corn meal are entirely superseded by this product, which is very nourishing, and can be saved two years or longer without injury.

The largest grain elevator in the world is at Jersey City, erected by the Pennsylvania railway company. It is 145 feet wide, 200 feet long, and has a capacity for storing 1,500,000 bushels of grain. The building has twenty-four sets of elevating apparatus for taking grain from cars, and four "conveyors" run from the building to the wharf for unloading canal boats and loading ships.

In the excavations made for the widening of the bed of the Tiber, many interesting archaeological discoveries, in the way of Roman relics, were made. A perfect statue of a Roman matron was found, and close by, another statue of Tiberius, the latter being broken in several places. Urns, decorated with reliefs of fruits and flowers, of fine workmanship, and many other articles, unique and ancient were also discovered.

According to Professor Tyndall's definition, the brain is the organized register of infinitely numerous experiences received during the evolution of life, or rather during the evolution of that series of organism through which the human organism has been reached; the effect of the most uniform and frequent of these experiences has been successfully bequeathed, principal and interest, and have slowly mounted to that high intelligence which lies latent in the brain of the infant.

The important work of connecting the system of triangulation, covering western Europe and Northern Africa, was successfully consummated, by powerful electric lights being placed at a high elevation on mountains of the British Islands, France, Spain and Algeria. Thus these countries were united into one grand system of triangles, reaching from the Sahara to the northermost of the Shetland Islands, giving a meridian arc of 27 degrees, the greatest hitherto measured on the earth.

The result of experiments extending through a period of two months, on the influence of the electric light on the growth of plants, has been reported to the Royal Society of London. It is shown that plants do not require any rest during the twenty-four hours, but that their growth may be materially quickened by giving them the benefit of the electric light at night. A light equal to 1,000 candles, at a distance of 6 or 7 feet from the growing plants, appeared to be equal in effect to average daylight at this season of the year.

Color-Blindness.

There is no human infirmity more curious than is color-blindness; and scarcely any other about which so little is known. The oddest thing about it, perhaps, is that it is not certain, or even likely, that the person who is afflicted with color-blindness is aware of the defect.

Color-blindness is an inability to distinguish colors. Those who are wholly color-blind can see no more than the forms of things; but cases of total absence of the power to perceive color are very rare. In most persons who are lacking in this respect, the infirmity extends only to certain colors. One man cannot perceive a red color; another green; another blue, and so on.

This partial color-blindness is not uncommon. Examinations by experts seem to show that about one in every twenty men is defective in the perception of color; and it is asserted that the defect is not so common in women as in men.

Probabably not many readers of this paper are conscious that they are color-blind. Yet, if oculists are correct, and four or five in every 100 persons are deficient in this respect, the defect assumes proportions that command attention, for the reason that there are many occupations in which a quick and accurate perception of color is necessary. The lack of it may render success impossible.

There are many ways of testing the eye, to find out if it is color-blind. The best is to put into the hands of a person worsted of various colors, and ask him to separate the pieces into red, blue, green and other colors; and then to shade them from light to dark. A man who is color-blind will usually make a mistake in assorting the colors, in the first four or five pieces given him for examination.

Another test is to see if a person can read red letters printed on a black ground. A third is to cover a blue sheet, printed with black letters, with thin white tissue paper. To the perfect vision, the letters will appear a yellowish brown. If they are black letters printed on a red sheet, they will appear green under the paper.

The causes of color-blindness have been sought by scientific men, and very plausible theories have been formed with regard to them, which we have not space to give.

The defect is incurable. A person who does not know colors can never be taught them, and there is no operation or instrument that will remedy the defect.

The Red Spider.

This is a minute insect, of a bright red color, very common and injurious to house plants, its presence being a sure indication of too dry an atmosphere for the health of the plants. The leaves of a plant attacked by it turn whitish or yellowish in spots, and are covered, especially on the under side, with the fine whitish webs of the spiders, causing them to wither and fall off. Syringing and sponging the plants thoroughly in every part with water will usually destroy them, unless they are badly infested, in which case a little flour of sulphur added to the water or dusted over the plants will prove effectual. The pansy is about the only thing that is ever infested by it in the garden, whole beds of which are sometimes destroyed in very dry seasons.

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Dr. Patton's Baccalaureate.

Written by F. L. Cardozo

We heard Dr. Patton's sermon to the class of '83. The subject was the capacity and future development of the Negro.

The discourse was fresh and able, as all of his productions are. The general principles announced were, *on the whole*, correct, and the historical illustration were apt and instructive.

And yet, after all the effect of the sermon was like a shower-bath, in some respects; cooling and discouraging.

The test of all principles lies in their application. One may admit the truth of an abstract principle, but indignantly deny its appropriateness to the particular occasion.

When Satan tempted Christ, he quoted a very true and beautiful passage of Scripture, he said after taking him to the pinnacle of the temple, "cast thyself down, for it is written He shall give his angels charge concerning thee."

Dr. Patton said, among other things, colored men should not expect any special favors in their behalf when they aspire to prominent positions, but should be judged by the same tests that white men are.

This is a very just and harmless statement, and no sensible colored man would ever think of denying it. But with Dr. Patton it means much more than appears on its face.

He means that colored men are not competent for prominent positions; that they do aspire to them; and that they ask for special favors or a low standard in being judged of their competency for the positions they aspire to.

We differ entirely from Dr. Patton in the first and last of these opinions. We agree that colored men do aspire to prominent positions.

Dr. Patton again said that colored men should be modest, and remember that it takes at least two or three generations to qualify men for the highest positions, and they should not aspire to such positions.

It is very difficult to point out the fallacy in such an ingenious piece of sophistry as this.

One can best see Dr. Patton's meaning, and feeling towards the race whom he is educating, by the manner in which he applies these general principles to particular instances.

The Greek Professorship recently became vacant in the University by the tha resignation of Prof. Fairfield. Prof. Lane, a colored man, the principal of the Normal school at the University, and a graduate of Howard and Amherst, aspired to fill the vacancy.

Dr. Patton, we learn, expressed very great surprise at Prof. Lane's ambition, and strenuously opposed his election by the Board of Trustees; and it was only after an earnest and prolonged contest that Rev. Mr. Grimke succeeded in persuading his colleagues of the Trustee Board to elect Prof. Lane to fill the vacancy.

What was Dr. Patton's objection to Mr. Lane? And why was he surprised at Mr. Lane's ambition?

Would Dr. Patton have been surprised if his son had aspired to the position? Certainly not. He would doubtless have thought it the proper thing. And why? His son and Mr. Lane both graduated from Amherst about the same time, and held nearly the same relative position in scholarship.

There could be no objection to Mr. Lane on the grounds of morals. Nor could there justly be on the ground of culture. And we are quite sure Mr. Lane would not ask for any special favor in comparing or testing his qualifications with any white applicant.

What could be or was the ground of Dr. Patton's surprise and opposition?

We suppose the *general principles* he announced. And the, perhaps unconcious, race-antipathy that even some very good Abolitionists entertained in the past and do still.

The original founder of Howard University—Gen'l. O. O. Howard, was a noble, Christian philanthropist, and a generous and judicious friend of colored men. We know that he would have cordially invited a man of Mr. Lane's character and ability to become a member of faculty.

There are very few *white* men who possess the qualifications of a president a college where *colored* men principally are educated.

The highest qualification we think for that position, is confidence in the capacity of that race, and a generous sympathy with their ambition, and a cordial co-operation in their advancement. Does Dr. Patton possess those qualifications?

ART POSSIBILITIES.

Dion Boucicault, when at "The National" several years ago, after one of the acts of "The Colleen Bawn," was recalled from behind the scenes. In acknowledging the compliment, he said that when he entered the stage Irish characterization was universally a coarse and revolting caricature. His efforts had been wholly directed, he said, towards redeeming his race from these mischievous and false representations, and if he had succeeded to any extent in this direction, he was more than amply repaid for whatever shortcomings he may have had as an actor.

The sentiment was most enthusiastically applauded. It made an imperishable impression upon our mind, and has time and time again given inspiration and hope for the work and duty of the Negro-American in art and in literature. In these walks wherever our race is represented, it is not at our best, but generally at the worst. The average Negro is an Uncle Remus, a shiftless old fellow, lamenting the days that are past, and content with the crumbs from the tables of an effete aristocracy; an Uncle Tom in the church who invariably turns the left when struck on the right. He a is brother Gardiner whose ideas, not without some originality and redeeming excellences, are as confused as his language is in open violation if not defiance of the most ordinary rules of etymology and syntax. Uncle Remus, Uncle Tom, brother Gardiner, are the types of the race most widely known, most generally acknowledged. By many they are regarded as the best possibilities of our race, especially by masses of the other race whose low level of intellectual existence does not bring them into communion with master minds. The colored youth who has literary talent, artistic capabilities, and ambition, to contribute to his country's store, has a field before him for the widest scope of his resources. What Fennimore Cooper did for the Indian and western frontier life, Hawthorne for life in New England, Bret Harte for California in 1849, and G. W. Cable is doing for the Creole element in New Arcadia, what Boucicault did for the Irish character, the colored youth, who will seize the wealth of materials by which he is surrounded and make them the basis of a respresentative art-creation, will not only relegate much of the insinuating caricature of the times to its true sphere and elevate the race, but make a worthy and invaluable contribution to the literary and art productions of our common country.

WHY A CONVENTION?

There are a few who say they can see nothing practical in a convention, who cannot see what good it can do. In our opinion, there are several things of vital importance to the present and future interests of our people which a convention can promote, and which it is the duty of everyone who admits the importance of the interests in question to advance through the success of the convention.

First of all, there are our educational interests. That our progress in this respect has been marvelous, goes without saying; but that the condition of the masses in this respect is a pitiable one, is also as equally true.

A few figures are suggestive. Of the 4,601,207 colored people ten years of age and over, the census of 1880 shows that 3,220,878 or seventy per cent. are unable to write. Of 2,937,235 twenty-one years and upward, 2,147,900 or 73 per cent. are unable to write. Many of these indeed, have had no opportunity for obtaining the elements of an education, and their circumstances in life are such that but comparatively few have the disposition or ability to obtain such systematic knowledge as would be of any practical benefit.

But the outlook is hardly less favorable if we take in consideration those of younger years. Between the ages of ten and twenty are 1,663,972 colored youth, of whom 1,072,978 or sixty-four per cent. are unable to write.

The enrolment of 855,912 colored youth in schools, considered by itself, suggests strenuous efforts put forth in behalf of education, but the fact that there are more than 1,700,000 colored children who do not attend any school, and that the average attendance in the schools established is only 560,484, dispels the illusion and shows the true condition of our youth. Briefly stated, the fact is that only one-third of the colored youth of the country are now at school, and only two-thirds of these or two-ninths of the entire number attend regularly enough to receive any appreciable educational advantages.

If there is not peril in this fact to the country and the colored people, we fail to know where to look for danger.

What has this to do with the convention; what the convention with it?

The small enrolment of colored youth in the schools of the country is traceable, in large measure, to the inability of the South in its present impoverished condition, its worn out soil, its half-developed manufacturing and commercial interests, to stand the double taxation needed to provide a school fund ampel in resources to open at least two school houses or employ two school teachers where there is now one.

The Nation is able to help in this matter. It is its duty to do so by annual appropriations, distributed on the basis of illiteracy. It is the duty of the colored people, as those immediately concerned, to demand that the Nation do it as a compensation for years ot unrequited toil, and as a duty to those illiterate youth who, in a few years, will be called on to discharge the duties of citizenship and shape the destinies of state.

Let the colored people of the country in convention assembled, declare themselves on this matter. Let them outline a policy that, in their Congressional districts throughout the country, will make this a test of support to Congressional candidates; let them insist that the party which expects their votes for its presidential candidates, must have a plank in their platform, committing themselves to the policy as well as the duty of giving National aid to education, and whatever else may result, the convention will not have met in vain.

THE duty of the colored people to awaken public opinion in the policy of National aid to education, by no means exhausts the subjects-matter which belong to a National Convention. These we reserve for further discussion.

THE "SUN" SHINES.

Once in a while we will come across an ulcerated mass of frailty and prejudice in the form of a human being which pricked by the progress of the thing it loathes and incensed by its own apparent increasing degradation, bursts forth in corruption and abuse, and at length falls prostrate in the mire, only to excite the disgust and ridicule of decent people. Such a nature has been exposed in a recent display of malicious fabrications made by one Tucker, of Mississippi a religious monstrosity, who has been permitted to live without learning anything, and who has succeeded in imposing upon the religious sensibilities of Mississippi Christians under the misnomer "Dr."

DR. J. L. Tucker, in a paper, delivered last year, charged that the colored people of the South have deteriorated morally and socially. He claims that the educational forces have been manipulated by a class of men who are not and never can be properly informed of the real condition of the colored man and the necessary measures to be adopted for his elevation. He insists that the whites of the North, who freed the slaves and left them to rely upon the whites of the South, should contribute copiously toward the education of the colored people, and that the native southern whites should be permitted to handle the means thus contributed for the education of the colored people. He affirms that the colored man has been a positive failure religiously, morally and intellectually. Commenting upon these extravagant statements and appropriating the powerful argument of Dr. Crummell, who has published a complete refutation of the charges and would-be excoriations, the *New York Sun* has shown the wisdom and fidelity to truth by pronouncing the vaporings of Tucker as base and wilful misrepresentations of the real condition of the colored people. The *Sun* does not hesitate to pronounce the answer of Dr. Crummell for superior, both as a literary production and a skillful compilation of telling statistics. We heartily agree with the *Sun*, which when commenting upon the ridicule indulged in, teaching the religious condition of the colored people says, "We scarcely think that it lies in the mouth of a Christian clergyman to belittle the significance of a publie profession of Christianity;" and we deplore the fact that a man of Tucker's moral and religious irregularities and mischief-making hypocrisy, should be permitted to stand in the presence of Christians and attack even the simplest forms of Christian worship. The educational progress of the colored people can be readily seen by the facts and figures which Dr. Crummell presents for the consideration of the reader.

In 1860, not 30,000 colored person could read and write; to-day over 500,000 can read and write. There are 16,000 colored school teachers, and 44 Normal schools, comprehending 7,400 pupils. We have 15 colleges and 36 academies of a high grade, in which are found hundreds of students. We have 22 schools of theology, 3 law schools, 2 schools of medicine, and over 80 newspapers. On the side of our material development the *Sun* quotes the fact that both before and since the war the colored people have performed the bulk of the labor, and in answer to the charge that we are a lazy good-for-nothing people, states that during the 5 years immediately preceding the war the aggregate yield of cotton was 18,230,000 bales while, during the five years just passed, the yield was 27,667,000 bales or an increase of 50 per cent. The number of acres owned by colored men in the cotton state is 18,230,000. And had it not been for the dishonesty of the whites who had in charge the affairs of the Freedmen's bank, that institution which at its close "caught" 61,000 depositors, representing 56,000,000, our finacial showing would have been simply startling. These facts the *Sun* has taken frim Dr. Crummell's reply and they are perfectly reliable.

CROWDED OUT—Account of the closing exercises of the Grimes—Anderson Academy, also of the reception to Rev. G. W. Moore.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

BY E. J. WARING.

In these times, so prolific of colleges, academies and various grades of institutions of learning, the idea is widely prevalent that the ambition of every boy and girl should be to terminate his or her school days within the sacred precincts of a College or Seminary by a pyrotechnic display of oratory; receive a sheepskin making certified statements as to scholastic attainments; and then, amid the fragrance of flowers and the plaudit of admiring friends, be borne thence as one fit to reign conjointly with Minerva. And many think that nothing but a diploma possesses the talismanic power to carry one through life on the top wave and land him in the golden harbor of success and fame.

Conceding the full value of a diploma, the document, of itself, is of little intrinsic worth, and it will be recalled that Webster destroyed his within an hour subsequent to his graduation. A diploma even if indicative of high scholarship and proficiency in school, arguro but little if the individual failed to exhibit those qualities of mind and character always indispensable to supreme success in life.

This pernicious idea, also, that a man or woman without a diploma and college-training is a nonenity, is productive of harm, in that it tends to discourage men of high natural endowment, so unfortunate as not to have had opportunity to drink deeply at the Pierian fount.

Some one has said that the time approaches, when none but college-bred or university-trained men will be admitted to the learned professions. I am glad to note that this brilliant scintillation emanated from the pen of a college student, who has inhaled only the atmosphere of classical confines, and is more familiar with the times of philosophical antiquity, than with the needs and manners of our stirring age. When a man or women enters the fierce, hand-to-hand, combat of life, it will speedily be discovered that it is he who endures that wins; it is not how much we know, but how will we utilize what we know, that insures prosperity; we profit by correct knowledge remembered and understood, not by what we have forgotten.

It is true that many self-made men had poor architects, but many brilliant minds and noble souls, have munificently benefitted humanity and attained preeminence not by virtue of any preference or prestige supposed to precede a man or woman with diploma in hand.

Finally, bestowing advanced instruction upon some men and women is "casting pearls before swine," and a gross mis-application of intellectual force. No man or woman ought to enter upon a course of advanced study, without a well defined idea of how it may prove mutually good for him and his fellow men, and without a thorough consciousness that such intellectual seed are lodged within, that a protracted period of mental application will develop them to a frintion sufficiently abundant to compensate for the outlay of time, money and brain-power. Nothing is sought to be detracted from classical erudition, but it is simply desired to emphesize the truism, that it is an instrument that should not be possessed by a novice or bungler, unable to use it to advantage.

COLORED PROCESSIONS.

BY ARGUS.

Not many weeks ago, Le Duke, took upon himself the glorious task of poking fun at the idea of having Emancipation processions. In last week's issue of this paper, he went so far as to anticipate what I might say about these processions but escured my delay by saying that I was too much absorbed in celestial observations to have touched upon so mean a subject as colored processions. Well, Le Duke is very kind but considerably off and decidedly too previous. For, my part, I believe that, all things considered tee colored processions are very creditable and show in no slight degree, the progress we have made during the past few years. As everybody known, (and Le-Duke has informed it unsparing), that a colored procession is calculated to draw out the bulk of our people. Everybody turns out. The old, the young, the black brown, graw and grizzly are out.

At such a time, a careful observer can note the development of taste among our people, in dress and the progress we have made in the adoption of the more decent observances which characterize good society. For instance, the colored militia and the Grand Army boys exhibited a taste and dignity equal to the whites. The Capital City Guard and the Washington Cadets looked as well as any and marched better than many of the whites. Capts. Kelly, Gray and Fleet wood deserve great credit for the pride they have taken in the companies under them and it is to be hoped that this many friends will aid them in procuring an Armory more befitting their deserts. But I do not mean to speak of any part of the colored portion of the colored procession, especially. I mean to say that the colored soldiers in line and also those who had the pleasure of viewing them from the sidewalk looked and acted as well as the whites. If this be true of colored soldiers in one case, it is true in another case, as when the whole procession is colored. And although we are both to admit this, the striking manner. They designated the colored soldiers to be placed in the most prominent position in the procession—not at the rear, as was expected—just woen they could be seen to the greatest aduantage. If our *more respectable* colored people would show more pride in encouraging colored processions ank do their level best in strowing to make them what it is claimed they are not, we would have greater reasons to side with Le Duke. The trouble is we are afraid to have our *actual* condjtion known lest the *better classes* lose *prestige* by the comparison. Notwithstanding Le Duke the colored people will have processions (and conventions too) and she will learn in time that the way to improve is by constantly striving to do so and not by hiding ones faults simply because they are greater that somebody's else.

Now that the time and place for the Colored National Convention is fixed, let colored men all over the country see to it that the best men—the thinkers of the race—attend as delegates. It will be a fatal mistake to let soreheads and disturbers take possession of it.—*Ky. Republican.*

Curious and Interesting.

Henry, upon being asked how many boys were in his Sabbath-school class, said: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelities compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barly which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark; multiply by the number of men who went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time when he stood before Pharaoh; add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliah; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; subtract the number of people saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the number of boys in the class." How many were there?

The *synapta*, a peculiar genus of the holothurias, is a native of the English Channel. It is a beautiful creature, a cylinder of which seems as if it were made of rose-colored crystal, and passing through this tube appears five narrow ribbons of white silk, which mingling together form the head. The tissues are finer than the thinest ganze; and yet this creature lives on a sandy bottom, and it is gorged from one end to the other with sand; the sharp angles of the grains can be seen with the naked eye, and yet they do not injure the fine membranes through which they pass. The synapta has also a peculiar mode of meeting famine; just as a general turns out of a beleaguered city all the useless mouths, so dees this creature cut off the useless parts of its body. It effects this by first forming a compression or ring, which gradually tightens until all that part of the cylinder which is below it drops off. A synapta has been known to continue this self-destruction until only the head was left, and in that head resided the life, which, as soon as food was supplied to it, began to reconstruct the body it had so unceremoniously rejected.

BOOSEY'S

CHEAP MUSIC, 39 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

How an Arab Lady Perfumes Herself.

In the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champaign bottle, a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the cloth or "tops" which form her dress, and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robes to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air-bath, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and robe are redolent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from their direction.

How to Make a Poultice.

Dr. Brunton, in *Brain*, the new London periodical, gives the following useful hints on this subject: The common practice of making poultices by mixing linseed meal with hot water and applying it directly to the skin is quite wrong, because if we do not wish to burn the patient we must wait until a great portion of the heat has been lost. The proper method is to make a flannel bag, the size of the poultice required, to fill this with the linseed poultice, as hot as it can possible be made, and to put between this and the skin a second flannel, so there shall be at least two thicknesses of flannel between the skin and the poultice itself. Above the poultice should be placed more flannel, or a piece of cotton wool, to prevent it from getting cold. By this method we are able to apply the linseed meal boiling hot, without burning the patient, and the heat, gradually diffusing through the flannel, affords a grateful sense of relief, which cannot be obtained by other means. There are few ways in which such marked relief is given to abdominal pain, as by the application of a poultice in this manner.

Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow tale-bearing,
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

The Agricultural Interest.

We find from the census of 1870, that there were in the United States 12,000,000 male persons engaged in all occupations. Of this number, 6,000,000 were engaged in agriculture. From the same source we learn that the total valuation of all personal and real property for the year was $30,000,000,000. Of this amount, $11,000,000,000 belonged to the agricultural interest. You see that the agriculturalists comprise one-half of the total number of persons engaged in all the various industries of the country; and that their business has for its capital stock over one-third of the entire wealth of the country. After realizing as best we can how immense is the amount of human and monetary energy used in this business, we naturally might expect some great results. From the report of the Department of Agriculture, we learn that in 1879 the value of our crops,—corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, hay, cotton, and tobacco,—was $1,904,000,000. Let us compare this amount with the value of precious metals that have been taken from American mines. From the best authority, we learn that the total value of the yield of the American mines during twenty-seven years, from 1849 to 1875, was $1,617,000,000. You notice that the value of ten of the principle products of the soil for the one year of 1879 was greater than the total value of all the gold and silver obtained from the mines during twenty-seven years of prosperous and feverishly active operations. Let us go further. If we ascertain the value of the various productions of the soil besides the ten staple commodities mentioned, and to that amount add the enormous wealth which is yearly derived from animals and the productions of animals whose sustenance the soil furnishes, we are safe to say that the gross results of the farmer's business for one year is greater than that of all the mining operations of this country since gold was discovered in California in 1849, up to the present time.

Sleeping Together.

More quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night under the same bed clothes, than by almost any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful and peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive, the other will lose. This is the law.—*Ex.*

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend
Baltimore.....
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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LOCAL.

—A few summer boarders willbe taken by Mrs. Rosa Gaskins at Mason's hill, 8 miles from Washington. A beautiful view of the Capitol. Address at Linconia, Fairfax Co., Va.

—Hot weather.

—Oh for the ice box.

—Some boundless contiguity of shade.

—Straw hats and linen dusters.

—Crowds to the seashore and the mountains.

—Children's day to-morrow in the M. E and A. M. E. Churches. Bethel excepted.

—Do not forget that the J. H. S. Parker memorial takes place to-morrow afternoon at 5 o'clock in the Law Room at Lincoln Hall.

—Nelson Hawkins of Baltimore, Md., has been spending the past week in Washington the guest of Wm. H. Washington.

—Mrs. Bell M. Cook leaves Monday to spend her vacation on the lakes. She will tarry longest at Cleveland, Ohio, with a sister-in-law, while Detroit, Windsor, Canada and Wyandotte, Mich., will each contribute to her pleasure.—*Gate City Press.*

—President Arthur is to deliver the diplomas to the graduates of Miner School Monday night, and Register Bruce makes the address to the graduating class.

—Omission was made in our last of the reading by Miss Annie Mason "Farewell to the old School house" at the Wayland Alumni exercises, also of an Essay by Miss Washington. Miss Mason is one of our best readers. She is more. She is a true artist.

—Sparta Club gives a little lawn party at Van Ness Park next Friday afternoon. Tickets, which are placed at twenty-five cents are only sold to invited guests.

—At the meeting of the Alumni of the College Department of Howard University held last Friday evening, the following officers were elected: L. O. Posey, President;——

—Revs. Grimke and Brooks attended the commencement of Lincoln University last Tuesday.

—The wife of Rev. G. W, Moore, the new pastor of the Lincoln Memorial Church is well known to this community as Miss Ella Shepherd the fame pianist of the Jubilee Troupe. She purposes to join her husband in the fall, and assist him by her musical talents in buildigg up his work.

—Mr. Isaiah S. Washington, for eight years a member of the Washington bar, died last Saturday and his remains were interred at Graceland on Tuesday, the funeral services being conducted at the 4th Baptist Church, of which he was a member. Mr. Washington was a native of the Howard University Law Department, class of 1875. His practice was confined principally to the police court,

—The death of Hon. James Thomas Rapier, ex-member of Congress from Alabama and collector of Internal Revenue removes from the scenes of activity one of the most earnest, most conscientious and most practical of the representive colored men that freedom and citizenship have brought to the front Mr. Rapier had nothing in common with the demagogue. He was a solid business man who believed in building up his race through the appreciation of their material inteaest. He was a native of North Alabama free born, educated in Canada and if we mistake not the last of his immediate family. He had been in ill health for sometime, and when in the city three months ago the evidences of physical decay were apparent.

—Next Thursday 14th inst., being the anniversary of the Baltimore Rifles, the Capital City Guard Companies A and B, will give an excursion to that city, by Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road. Train leaves at 11 A. M. $1,65 round trip.

The National Convention of Colored men that meets in Louisville, will no doubt be grand and success. Let us work in that direction.—*Fair Play*

The Convention.

It will be the best gathering of intellect that the dark-eyed American has ever had.—*Review.*

In Memory of the Rev. S. Blackwell

Memorial services, under the auspices of the Young People's Christian Association as a tribute of respect to the memory of its late President, Rev. Solomon Blackwell, were held in the 19th street Baptist Church, Sunday, May 27 at 3:30 P. M.

Letters of regret were read from Prof. Storum, a former teacher of the deceased; and the church at Rockville over which the deceased presided at one time as its pastor. Addresses were made by Prof J. Dart, Miss Anna Mason Mr. J. A. Smith and others.

Resolutions of condolence were presented by Mr. Freeman in behalf of Jno. F. Cook Lodge 1185 G. U. O. of O. F., and by Jas. S. Pinn, the following, on behalf of the Association:

Whereas God in his all wise and eternal Providence has been pleased to take from our midst, our estemed, worthy and much beloved brother, Rev. Solomon Blackwell, late President of the Young People's Christian Association, who endeared himself to us by the manly bearing, and Christian spirit which has characterized his life, and by those strong ties of fraternal affection which his genial and friendly intercourse have awakened. therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st That while we cheerfully submit to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we cannot refrain from deeply lamenting our loss of the departed brother who had a spirit of candor and a heart full of the love of God which passeth all understanding.

2nd That the community has lost one of her most energetic, yet peaceful workers for good,

3rd That the Church, and the Association have been bereft of an ardent and faithful member who labored zealously in their upbuilding and, therefore for the cause of Christ.

4th That while mourning our own great loss of the life so full of hope and promise, we extend to the widow and relatives of the deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy.

Plymouth's May Feast.

The Plymouth Congregational Sunday School held their May festival at Lincoln Mission held corner 10th and R streets Thursday evening, May 31st. Every seat was taken and many stood. The audience though so large was one of the most orderly; indeed, all things were in keeping with the performance. Quite early the superintendent, Mr. W. G. Fearing, tapped the bell. Miss Sadie Jones took her seat at the piano, and the performance began by the introduction of four seasons by Susie Meredith, Eliza Moten, Ella Freeman and Delia Robinson. Each as she same forward, in a short address referred to the season represented. Miss Lily Cross, in a graceful manner, delivered the introductory or welcome address, eliciting hearty applause. The Queen, Miss Mamie Shepherd, with her attendants, Misses Ida Winslow, Ida Cole, Josephine Kent, and Jennie Freeman, was escorted in and seated on her throne, and Misses Janie Freeman and J. Kent sang a duett. The fairy queen, Miss Alice Simmons, with her attendants Vergie Shepherd, Evie Robinson, Homet Chase, Katie Simmons, Estelle Lacy and Isabella Freeman, greet the Queen of May. The flower girl, Lula Ward, brought beautiful flowers for the queen. Eight young ladies representing angels, Misses Lily Meredith, Mary Robinson, Katie Williams, Nellie Freeman, Lena Lamar, Lucinda Shorter, Rebecca McKenzie, and Anna Greenlease, add their greetings to the Queen of May, who responds to all in an address delivered in a queenly manner, and now all eyes are turned for the most interesting part of the programme is to begin—the winding of the May pole. Miss Jones gives way to a gent who takes the piano, and an other plays the violin, the music begins and your masters and misses from 9 to 14 years march in—Henrietta Simmons and Salvador Dyson, Bessie Freeman, Walla Freeman, Lilly Lacy, Henry Dyson, Hannah Simmons, George Wood, Jessie Freeman, Jennie Freeman, Jessie Mason, Jennie Robinson, Lucy Hanson, Harry Thomas, and Mabel Gwin, and Robert Lacy, after marching around take their places and ropes and all is expectation. Miss Elizabeth McCall, who is in command, touches the bell and the music, quicker than before, begins and away they go winding the May pole and unwinding, twice without a single balk to the delight of the audience, who manifested their approval by hearty applause. The winding through and the queen's attendants, and May pole winders unite in a grand march through the hall, the pole is again wound—so anxious are those present to witness it, and then all enjoy themselves in social chat.

To Miss McCall who trained the performers assisted by Miss Julia Freeman, and Miss Elizabeth Wilson, is due most credit. Of course, the supt. W. G. Fearing and Messrs. Henry Freeman and Wm. Gwin, must come in for their share. Some one in our pew thought there was a bright prospect for the future of Plymouth, opposed though she may be by those of her own race, Indeed, it has never been our pleasure to be present at an entertainment more pleasing than this last May feast of the season by the Plymouth, and we say heartily, long may she live.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Just Space to Notice.

A serenade by Company B, to Register Bruce Tuesday night.

The arrival of Frank Hart the pedestrian at the residence of Mrs. Roberson 1545 M street, N. W.

The military picnic and open air concert by Company B, Capital City Guard Tuesday night.

The marriage of Mr. John C. Ricks to Miss Sarah Downer of Fredericksburg, Va.

The visit to our community of Mr. Hnrle Bavardo, the rising colored tragedian of New York City.

The reception to Rev. G. W. Moore of the Lincoln Memorial Church Thesday night.

Mr. J. W. Mitchell formerly of Richmond, Va., was married to Miss A. H. Marshall by Rev. Grimke at the 15th St. Presbyterian Church on Wednesday night. The bride wore white surah and satin. A brilland reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on 17th street, N. W.

The Seminary "Wing" of the "Wayland Alumni Association.

Mr. EDITOR: I am instructed by the president and the members of the Wayland Alumni Association, who held their annual meeting in the Seminary on the 24 inst., to furnish you with a report of their meeting, and ask that it be published.

The Alumni met in Parker Hall, of the Seminary, at 10 o'clock a. m., and was called to order by the president, Rev. E. H. Bolden, prayer was offered by Rev. Holland Powell, of Hampton, Virginia. At the roll call the following members answered to their names: Rev. E. H. Bolden, Rev. Harvey Johnson, of Baltimore, Md., Rev. L. H. Alexander, Maryland, Rev. L. H. Bailey, Virginia, Mr. C. B. Williams, Virginia, Rev. H. V. Plummer, Maryland, Rev. H. C. Robinson, Virginia, Mr. Lott Richards, Virginia, Hon. E. A. Randolph, Richmond, Virginia, Rev. A. Brown, Maryland, Rev. F. G. Hall, Hyattsville, Maryland, Rev. W. R. Burrell, Frederick, Md. Letters and veral statements were received from nineteen other members, expressing a determination to support the Seminary and that portion of the Alumni which held their meeting within the walls of their Alma Mater. The class of '83 presented their credentials andwere received as members. The officers for the ensuing year were then elected as follows: Rev. E. H. Bolden, president, Rev. W. F. Graham, vice-president, Rev. W. B. Johnson, treasurer, Mr. C. B. Williams, recording secretary, Mr. S. B. Jackson, corresponding secretary, Ex-Committee, Hon. E. A. Randolph, Rev. H. Johnson, and Rev. H. V. Plummer. A committee on resolutions was appointed and instructed to report after the literary exercises in the evening. The annual literary exercises took place in the chapel of the Seminary at 8 o'clock p. m., prayer by Rev. Hadden, of Alexandria. Address to the graduates by the president. Oration W. H. Alexander, of Baltimore, Md. Subject: The Duty of Educated Colored Men to Their Race. Poem, Miss B. A. Piper, History of the Alumni, Rev. W. B. Johnson. The committee on resolutions presented the following, which was unanimously adopted.

Whereas, There has been an amicable statement between Miss Mary E. Williams and Prof. G. H. King; and whereas, the opposition to Wayland Seminary by some of the graduates is based on personal prejudice; and whereas, their course is contrary to every principle of Divine and civil law. Therefore resolved, that we cannot and will not do anything that would seem to be antagonistic to the interests of Wayland Seminary.

A subscription list was opened and seventy-five dollars was given to aid an academic student in the Seminary. The Alumni then adjourned and enjoyed refreshments with a number of their friends.

W. H. ALEXANDER.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

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Two Pictures.

I.

Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you!"

"This is only corn-silk," murmured the boy penitently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers.

II.

It is evening. Miss Murry is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckle and syringa are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little birdie object to my smoking a cigarrette?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Murray, "I like cigarettes, they are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

"Then I'll light one."

"Do, and blow some of the smoke in my face; it is soothing and dreamily Paradisic."

Then he lights a cigarette, and they talk about the weather for two hours and a half.

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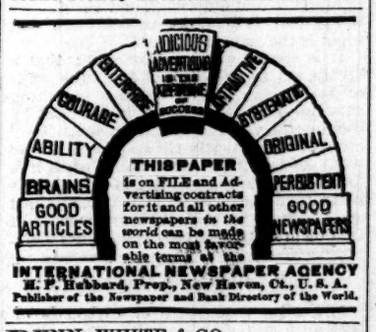
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LINCOLN HALL,

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To enable the parents and friends of my scholars to witness the closing exercises of the School for the summer, I propose to give an exhibition of the Fancy Dances at Lincoln Hall, on Tuesday evening, May 29th This will allow all an opportunity to observe the different dances. Of the novelties the Class will dance several fancy dances, among them the Tango, Fances, Tambourine, Sariowitska, Bonnpipes, Tamba Paso, Polka Passyams, Ballets and others.

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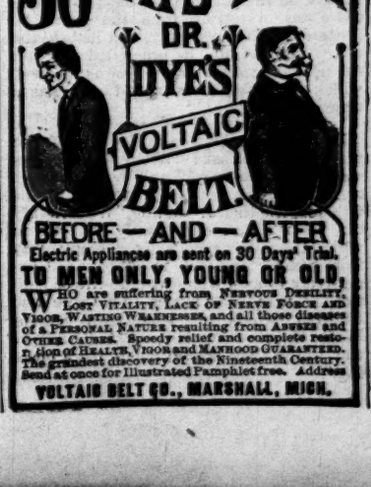
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The Ringing Rocks.

These celebrated rocks are found on the farm of Abraham Mench, in Pottsgrove Township, three miles northeast of Pottstown, Pa. They cover a space of three-quarters of an acre. In this tract bowlders are piled upon bowlders of all shapes and forms, and so promiscously arranged that considerable agility is required to walk over them without falling. As one steps from rock to rock a ringing sound, produced by the nails in the boot-heels, is plainly heard. On rapping the stones with a hammer, quite remarkable acoustic properties are revealed. Some of them give forth a rich, full tone, which would probably vie with the best bell metal if the stones were fashioned into bells. One of them in particular, from its depth of tone, is known as the state-house bell. This was at one time among the largest of the rocks. It has been broken off, however, but still has preserved its strong, full tone. The general sound produced by striking the smaller stones resembles that of a blacksmith's anvil, some having a little clearer ring than others, and no two sounding just alike. In passing from one to another of the larger rocks one is reminded of the tapping of car wheels by the train inspectors. Thousands of people visit this natural phenomenon every summer. The rocks themselves bear evidence of this, the edges being battered off by hammer-srokes, and the sides of many having names carved upon them, some parties who were unwilling to take the time or trouble to chisel their names upon the rocks having resorted to paint, and considerable daubing has been done in various colors. The advertising fiend has not failed to put in his appearance; and we are made aware of the merits of patent medicines, of the place to buy carpets and the like, upon every hand. We have not heard any satisfactory explanation of the cause of the ringing or bell-like sounds of these rocks. Some say it is owing to there being a cavern under them. This, however, can have nothing to do with it, as when the rocks are removed they still have the same sound. One large and sonorous bowlder was taken to the Centennial, and created a great deal of attention there. Another was sent to England afterwards. There is probably a metallic substance in this group of bowlders to which the ringing sound my be attributed. We have not heard, however, of any geological analysis being made. Half a mile east of the Ringing Rocks, and in the same range of hills, there is another group of bowlders which are much visited. Here a lofty pile of rocks surmounts a cavity of considerable depth, the whole being known as the "Stone House." Near by the stone house is a huge bowlder, some fifteen or twenty feet high, which, from its peculiar contour, is called the "Hay Stack." Besides their acoustic qualities there is another singular circumstance about the Ringing Rocks which visitors rarely fail to notice. Many of them have very strange marks, or indentations. At some points these resemble the tracks of a horse's hoof. Others are like the track of a wagon. Some of the larger indentations are said to resemble an elephant's foot, and fac-similes of the human foot are claimed to be found among the smaller ones.

Buck Beer.

Buck beer is demoralizing in its tendency when it moveth itself aright. It layeth hold of the intellect, and twisteth it out of shape.

My son, go not with them who go to seek buck beer, for at last it stingeth like the brocaded hornet with the red hot narrative, and kicketh like the choleric mule.

Who hath woe? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes? He that goeth to seek the schooner of buck beer.

Who hath sorrow? Who striveth when the middle watch of the night hath come to wind up the clock with the fifteen puzzle? He that kicketh against the buck beer and getteth left.

Verily, the buckness of the buck beer bucketh with a mighty buck, insomuch that the buckee riseth at the noon hour with a head that compasseth the town round about, and the swellness thereof waketh more and more, even from Dan to Beer—Sheba. (Current joke in the Holy Land.)

Who clamoreth with a loud voice and saith: "Verily, am not I a bad man?" Who is he that walketh unsteadily, and singeth unto himself: "The Bright Angles are Waiting for Me?"

Who wotteth not even a fractional wot, but setteth his chronometer by the wooden watch of the watchmaker and by means of a toothbrush?

Go to. Is it not he that bangeth his intellect fernist the buck beer even unto the eleventh hour?

—A man never appreciates the keen enjoyment of fishing, on the part of the fish, until he gets his hook well into the ball of his thumb.

—Sunday is the source of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.

—You cannot degrade a true and good man by any wrong or injustice you do him. You may cheat him, pain him, injure his usefulness, but he is above your power of degrading.

—The two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.

—Let young people remember that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

—Joseph Cook says: Shut your grog-shops, open your schools, and God knows what flashing jewels you may yet dig out of the neglected ore at the bottom of the unwrought mines of the poorest class.

The Cucumber.

The extent to which this vegetable is consumed by the inhabitants of Egypt and the Southwest of Asia, and also in European Russia and Germany, would scarcely seem credible to this country. You never see a Russian pheasant at dinner but you see a lump of black bread and a cucumber. The vegetable seems certainly a singular dish to be so national in a country with a climate like that of Russia. Some writers say that there used to be a great annual fair at Leipsic for cucumbers, when the streets were heaped up a story high with that precious article of Germany cookery. In Germany barrels of half and also full-grown cucumbers are preserved from one year to another by immersion in deep wells, where the uniform temperature and exclu- from air seem to be the preserving agents.

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rts, bunions.

The Black Death.

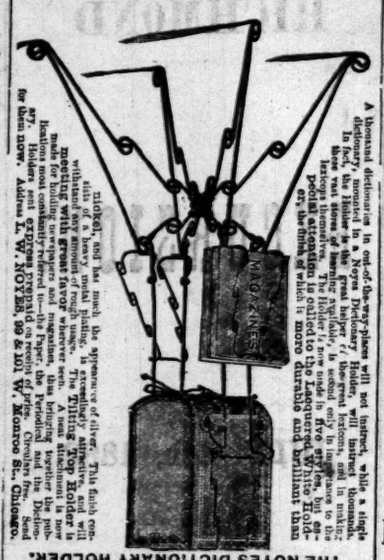
Wonderful in its origin, in its characteristics, in its consequences, was the great pestilence known as Black Death, which swept half the people out of England in 1348. For two years previously there had been gradually spreading over the eastern parts of Europe a virulent disease, imported from Asia, which made havoc of the people in some of the finest portions of the world. So dreadful indeed had been its ravages that, according to the most respectable monkish writer of the time, many Saracens, convicted that the pestilence was a sign of God's wrath on account of their unbelief, became Christians, till, finding the Christians to be likewise afflicted, they returned to their old faith. A series of earthquakes, which shook the whole of eastern Europe, ushered in the year of 1348; men's hearts quailed for fear, and many were the steps taken—short of draining the towns and providing better ventilation—with a view of propitiating the divine wrath. In vain. The plague which had scourged Asia and the Greek empire crept slowly but surely westward, seemingly uninfluenced by the coldness of climate, or intervention of sea. Boccaccio has written in the preface to his "Decameron" an account of the plague as it operated in Florence, which no one who has ever read it can forget. Within a few months of its slaughter of the Florentines, it had swept through Spain, France, and Germany, and had crossed the straits of Dover.

From June to December, 1348, there had fallen in England an almost incessant downpour of rain; the ground was damp, and the streams became polluted with surface-drainage, which was washed like compost all over the country, in default of a proper outlet into a proper receptacle. In August the first case was reported; by November the capital was reached, and from London the plague spread all over the kingdom, and, says Stowe, "so waisted and spoyled the people, that scarcely the tenth person of all sorts was left alive." This is not an exaggeration of what happened in some places; "there died an innumerable sort, for no man but God only knew how many." Between the first of January and July, 1349, there died in the city of Norwich 57,104 persons; Yarmouth buried 7,052 in the year; and other towns in the eastern countries suffered nearly as much. In the thirteen acres of Spittle Croft (the site of the existing Charterhouse), which was given by Sir Walter Manny for the burial of the dead, because London churchyards were choke full, were buried fifty thousand persons. The plague was swift in execution; those seized by it often dying within six hours, and none lasting over three days. The ties of nature seemed loosened; parents forsook their children, the dead remaining in many instances without burial, and were allowed to take their revenge upon the living by adding fearfully to the pestilential character of the atmosphere. Cattle became infected, with the disease, and their bodies lay rotting on the fields untouched even by the birds of prey. How many of the people died it is impossible to say with certainty; but the most reliable accounts state that, taking England all through, half of the entire population died. The eastern counties never recovered from the ravages of the plague; places which awhile had been the seats of manufacture became obscure villages, and to this day may be seen in those countres places in which large churches that were once to small for the congregation, have survived only to attest what the villages they presided over once were. Half the population! The labours of agriculture were neglected; the courts of jsutice were not opened; Parliament was prorogued from time to time; the whole business of the country drifted for very lack of hands to attend to it, and the course of the plague became so notorious that the Scots swore by it, by the "foul deth of the English." For a time Scotland escaped, and the Scots, taking advantage of the weakened condition of their southern foe, collected an army for the purpose of finishing what the plague had spared to do. But into the camp at Selkirk the "foul deth" came and slew five thousand men, and put a stop to the project of invasion.

All sorts of reasons were assigned for the visitation. Some declared it was a sign of God's anger at the extravagance and effeminancy of the men; others that it was because of his wrath at the gay costume of the women, who seemed to have arrayed themselves more after the fashion adopted by some women now-a-days than either after Solomon or the lilly of the field. Some said one thing and some another, but we do not hear of any one hitting the real blot, and assigning the cause to the anger of God against filthy streets, unwholesome houses, undrained towns, and utter want of ventilation. The Black Death was a wonder in its effects rather than in its causes, and was attended with supplementary wonder, that it went away without a Great Fire, which by burning down the plague-cherishing towns, might have prevented, as it did later on in London, a recurrance of the visitation. At intervals afterwards, the plague returned, though never again with such destructive power; it came and went, destroying its victims, till the people found out what it was that God was angry about. Then it went away finally, leaving behind it a promise to return—a promise which holds good at the present hour—whenever men should so temptttheir fate as to provoke it by dirt and those other abominations upon which it thrives.

Mr. Seth Green says that one morning when he was watching a spider's nest, a mud-wasp alighted within an inch or two of the nest, on the side opposite the opening. Creeping noiselessly around towards the entrance to the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment, remained perfectly quiet. Then reaching out one of his antennæ, he wriggled it before the opening, and withdrew it. This overture had the desired effect; for the boss of the nest, as large a spider as one generally sees, came out to see what was wrong, and set it to rights. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which he was at the worst disvantage, than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe, killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated, on the part of the wasp; and when there was no response from the inside, he became satisfied, probably, that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterwards lugged off one at a time.

It has been quite the fashion of the press of late to ask: "Where do the boys spend their evenings?" and now some one turns the tables, and asks; "Where do the fathers spend theirs?" adding, "We certainly can always find one family in four in which the father spends his evening away from home. And this is not confined exclusively to men who love club-life or politics. A man owes duties to his wife and children which he sometimes forgets. While they lose much, he loses equally of the things that should make life a blessing."



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Choice Sayings.

In old times men used their power of painting to show the objects of faith; in later times they used the objects of faith that they might show their powers of painting.—[J. Ruskin.

Those passionate persons who carry their hearts in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened.—[T. Fuller.

Death sets us safely on shore in our long-expected Canaan, where there are no temptations, no danger of falling, but eternal purity and immortal joys secure our innocence and happiness forever.—[Wake.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—[Longfellow.

To some men nature is like some women, inasmuch as it may be necessary to thrust them into her acquaintance and imprison them there before they will learn to appreciate their worth, then, so great is the revelation, they will call themselves stupid for not loving her before.—[Good Company.

An honest private man often grows cruel and abandonded when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn him in one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many heirs-apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature.—[Addison.

Medical Properties of Eggs.

For burns or scalds, nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer, as a varnish for a burn, than collodion; and, being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to ally the smarting pain. It is the contact with the open air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of the kind. What prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied.

The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends by its emollient quallities to lessen the inflamation of the stomach and intestines; and, by forming a transient coating of these organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at most, three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and, since the egg is not merely medicine but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

It is stated, within a few years, that a certain oil to be obtained from the yolks of boiled eggs is of great use in curing cuts and bruises. The oil is obtained by cooking the yolks over a fresh fire. They are stirred constantly till seemingly on the point of bursting into a blaze, when it is found that quite a quantity of oil is eliminated from each yolk; and this, strained and secured, is said to have wonderful healing properties.—*American Poultry Yard.*

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Mix a little saltpetre or carbonate of soda with water, and it will preserve flowers for two weeks.

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground, like coffee, immediately before hot water is poured upon it, its exhilerating qualities will be doubled.

Sore Throat.—Dissolve one drachm chlorate potash in half a pint of water, and gargle the throat therewith; a few applications will allay inflammation.

Cure for Earache.—Take a tobacco pipe, place a wad of cotton in bowl, drop eight or ten drops of chloroform and cover with more cotton, place stem to afflicted ear and blow in the bowl.

Rose Water.—Take otto of roses, twenty-five drops, rub it in with an ounce of white sugar and four drachms of carbonate of magnesia; then add gradually half a gallon of water and four ounces of proof spirits.

To Heal Cuts and Wounds.—The leaves of geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

Liquid Shoe Polish.—The following is a German recipe: Dissolve three and a half ounces of shellac in a half pint of alcohol. Rub smooth twenty-five grains of lamp-black with six drachms of cod-liver oil, and mix. A few drops are to be applied to the leather with a sponge.

Remedy for Diphtheria.—A New Bedford, Mass., woman reports a new, and as she claims, a successful cure for diphtheria. A little nephew of hers was sick with diphtheria, and the child's mother was told to give him a tea made of the bark of the roots of the white birch. She did so, and the white coating of the throat and mouth began to loosen and come off, and entire recovery followed. The tea may be used as a drink or gargle, or may be held in the outh.

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